

The Bisbee Daily Review

Published Every Day Except Monday by the
State Consolidated Publishing Company.

Editorial Rooms—Phone No. 39, 2 rings
Business Office—Phone No. 39

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

SINGLE COPIES, Daily	5c
PER MONTH	75c
THREE MONTHS	2.25
SIX MONTHS	4.50
TWELVE MONTHS	8.50
SUNDAY (Our Weekly) per year	2.00
TUESDAY (Our Weekly) per quarter	1.00

No subscription taken for less than 75c.

Subscribers who fail to receive their paper promptly are requested to notify the business office.

Advertising Rates on Application
Entered as second-class mail matter.

Sunday Morning, March 14, 1915

"KNOCKING" THE "AMERICAN LEGION"

The American Legion seems to have struck a snail shell at the outset. Army officials whose support and co-operation had been publicly announced, have hesitated to discuss any responsibility for the movement.

The difficulty, however, appears to be not more than technical. As long as the organization has no official connection with the United States Army, Gen. Wood and other officers don't want to take any active part in it—or are not permitted to do so. It will be time enough for that when the Legion gains an official status, as it probably will if the organizers manage it wisely.

The strictures made against the aims of the Legion by the American League to Limit Armaments appear to be uncalled for. It is hard to see how a volunteer organization of former soldiers and sailors and militiamen, together with a special service corps of civilian surgeons, electricians, engineers, chemists, etc., can be "perverse" of the interests of democracy and in violation of the policy and traditions of the United States.

It is not proposed to increase our standing army, to burden the government with added expense, or to subvert the pacific spirit of civilians by military training. The Legion merely plans to gather up men already trained, and have them ready as a "first reserve" in case they should be needed for the public defense.

The Legion apparently is to be self-supporting in time of peace, on a modest enough basis. At the New York headquarters all contributions except the 25 cent membership fee are refused. It looks like an honest and intelligent effort on the part of private citizens to do what the government should have done long ago—undoing the government's mistake of letting trained soldiers and sailors leave the service year after year without even keeping their names and addresses.

PASSPORT FRAUDS.

It isn't necessary to get excited over the case of Capt. Boy-Ed. It is of interest, to be sure, that any abuse of American passports should be stopped, in order to preserve the value of such documents to America citizens abroad. But the inviolability of our passports means little to the average stay-at-home citizen. The chief interest in this case is the interest of Germany.

It has been charged frequently since the war began that Germans were fraudulently using American passports, either to protect them in their secret service in foreign countries or to enable German reservists living abroad to return home and join the colors. Finally, in the Steglitz case, a man apparently "caught with the goods" has put the responsibility for securing false passports squarely on Capt. Boy-Ed, naval attaché of the German embassy at Washington. That accusation seriously affects the honor of the German embassy, and therefore of Germany itself.

Ambassador von Bernstorff has denounced the accusation as a libel and disclaimed all knowledge of fraud. We can do no less than accept the ambassador's word so far as he speaks for himself and for the government he represents. If, however, such machinations have been carried on without his knowledge, our government must follow wherever the trail leads.

We hope that Capt. Boy-Ed can prove his innocence. He will have a full and fair chance. If he fails, it will be necessary for Germany to recall him. That will end the episode and stop the practice.

SOME COW

Murne Cowan needs no minimum wage law. She is a skilled worker, able to earn her living and always on the job. For the year ending with February, she made \$3.64 cents a day, every day in the week and every week in the year, without even stopping for a summer vacation.

Indeed, as they say in Barberton, O., where she lives, grazes an adobe her end, "Murne is some cow!" The full extent of her buoyancy may be realized from the statement that in these twelve months she produced 34,995 pounds of milk and 1099 pounds of butter fat. Or in less scientific-dairyman language, Murne gave 2790 gallons of milk, containing enough fat to make 1974 pounds of the finest butter. That quantity of milk, by the way, is eighteen times the weight of Murne herself, and the butter alone weighed considerably more than the gentle producer. Her largest milk yield in 24 hours was 82.5 pounds, a little more than 19 gallons.

In seven energetic days she produced 568.8 pounds of milk, containing 24.44 pounds of butter fat.

From these precise data it might be surmised that Murne is not merely an unusual cow, but that she receives unusual attention. If she lived on precarious pickings and slept in a cold and dirty stall and was kicked around like a houn' dawg by an unsympathetic hired man, she wouldn't have a world's record for bovine efficiency. Her stall is scrupulously clean, with a cement floor and team pipes underneath it, and in summer she is cooled by an electric fan and protected from insect pests by screens of sticky fly paper. She is fed regularly and kindly, and milked four times a day.

All this expense for diet and personal service costs up half her gross earnings, but she's still so profitable that her owner, O. C. Barber, the "Match King," values her at \$10,000. He bought her for a little over \$100. The difference seems to indicate what scientific dairymen will do in bringing out all that is best in a cow.

"A CONFESSION"

Last of all in the diplomatic war-spectrum has come the Austrian "Red Book" intended to prove to the impartial world that Austria was justified in the course of conduct toward Serbia which precipitated the war. With all the Austrian state papers submitted that Austria thought it wise to publish, it looks to neutral observers as if she might about as well have saved herself the trouble.

As the New York Times remarks, along with its publication of this whole body of documentary evidence "These documents are not justifying; they are incriminating. They convict Austria of plunging Europe into the bloodiest war in history, not by inadvertence and without intent, not as a regrettable incident in the execution of her own policies, but deliberately, with fore-sight and full knowledge, after due warning of the certain consequences of her going to war with Serbia. The Austrian 'Red Book' is a confession, not a defense."

And the cautious and responsible New York Evening Post, reviving the "Red Book," points out that "If Serbia had yielded to Austria's demands, it is evident that Austria had a new and impossible demand—that Serbia pay the costs of Austrian mobilization—to add to the ones already made. The Vienna Forwards were determined to let slip no chance of having a war."

Well—they have their war. Let's not be too harsh on them, even though hundreds of millions outside Austria are sharing the cost of it. However great Austria's guilt may be, she is paying, as few nations have ever paid.

LABORATORY VICTORIES

The discovery by the government bureau of mines of new processes for the manufacture of dyes and explosives and the refining of gasoline from petroleum is more important to Americans, at least, than many military victories or the shifting of many boundary lines.

The dyestuff process is particularly valuable at this time, when the war threatens to deprive us entirely of our usual supply of dyes from Germany. Heretofore our manufacturers have been dependent for such materials on the Old World, where they are made from coal tar. Now, though there will necessarily be delay in establishing the industry, we should soon be independent of both Germany and England in this matter. As the same process gives the material from which many high explosives are made, we shall also be in better position than ever to manufacture our own ammunition.

The method by which petroleum is made to yield a far greater proportion of gasoline is worth literally hundreds of millions of dollars to the world. It guarantees the indefinite development of the gas engine for all the purposes of work and pleasure, and the steady growth and expansion of the automobile industry.

Because the United States has by far the greatest supplies of petroleum in the world, this country will derive the most benefits from the discoveries. Dr. Rittman, the chemist of the Bureau of Mines who worked out the processes, deserves the thanks of the nation for his services, and for his generosity in giving his discoveries freely to mankind.

PARIS STILL SUPREME

Paris still rules the world of style. There is the same old struggle of the modish dressmakers and milliners to keep their designs from being stolen, particularly by the Germans. We shall have them here, never fear, regardless of submarines and war-zones, in time for the proper celebration of Easter.

The war in the beginning cast a damper on the realm of fashion. There was sterner work to do than designing hats and skirts. Many famous Parisian houses shut up shop, and their girls went to knitting and rolling bandages. With the apparent abdication of the Paris potentates, there arose a great cry for "American fashions for Americans." But somehow the movement failed to sweep the country. When word came that Paris had decided, after all, to resume its scepter, nearly everybody seemed to hail the news with relief. Since then, a large part of the world has been waiting for word from the Rue de Rivoli as eagerly as the rest of the world awaits news from the battle fronts.

Which seems to show that fashion is supreme over all. The cut of a gown is more vital than the rearrangement of the boundaries of nations. In spite of wars, blockades, throttled commerce and falling thrones, women must dress à la mode, and the mode must be French.

Anyhow, the sinking of American merchantmen in the "war zone" proves that we've got 'em. Since the war began, 129 steamships have been admitted to American registry. Before last August, it would have been nearly hard to find an American ship to sink.

November Joe

The Detective of the Woods

By HESKETH PRICHARD

Copyright, 1913,
By Hesketh Prichard

"That's saying," went on Joe, "that as far as the bank where he is employed of \$100,000, and instead of trying to get away on the train or by one of the steamers he made for the woods."

Phedre turned away as if bored. "What interest have I in that? It can tell me nothing." "Wait," replied November. "With the police I went and saw strict Attorney's trail on the old colonial road and in those come up with Attorney himself, right here. The police took Attorney prisoner, but they found nothing. Though they searched the area all round about the crime, they found nothing."

"He had hidden it, I suppose." "So the police thought. And I thought the same thing. November's side never left her face. "Oh, I see his eyes. The pupils were like two points in his head." He passed and added: "I got the bottle of whiskey that was in his pocket. It'll go in as evidence."

"Of what?" she cried impatiently. "That Attorney was drugged and the bank property stole from him. You see," continued Joe, "this robbery wasn't altogether Attorney's own idea."

"No, I guess he had the first notion of it when he was on his vacation, six weeks back. He was in love with a wonderful handsome girl. Blue eyes, she had and black hair, and her mouth was as good as gold. She pretended to be in love with him, but all along she was in love with—well, I don't say who she was in love with—herself. Anyway, I expect she used her influence to make Attorney rob the bank and then light out for the woods with the stuff. He does all she wants in the way of the woods, she moves him with a pack of food and necessities. In that pack was a bottle of drugged whiskey. She told him where he was going to carry that night, he was to carry nothing and take her, and off she goes in a carriage up the river till the police to opposite where he's lying drugged. She looks and looks him, but she don't want him to know who does that so she plays an old game to conceal her tracks. She's a rare little young woman, so she carries out her plan, gets back to her camp and leaves to Londonville. Next I tell you more about her."

During Joe's story Phedre had slowly slid away.

"You are very clever," she said lightly. "But why should you tell me all this?"

"Because I'm going to advise you to hand over the \$100,000 you took from Attorney. I'm in this case for the bank."

"If," she exclaimed violently, "do you dare to say that I had anything whatever to do with this robbery, that I have the \$100,000? Well, I know nothing about it. How should I?" Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Then I beg your pardon, Miss Pointacre, and I say good bye. I must go and make my report to the police and let them act their own way." He turned, but before he had gone more than a step or two she called to him.

"There is one point you have missed for all your cleverness," she said. "Suppose what you have said is true, but it is not that the girl who robbed Attorney took the money just to return it to the bank?"

"Don't seem to be that way, for she has just decided all knowledge of the robbery and denied she had it before two witnesses. Besides, when Attorney comes to know that she's been made a victim of he'll be liable to turn king's evidence. No, miss, your only chance is to hand over the stuff—here and now."

"To you?" she scoffed. "And who are you? What right have you?" "I'm the man for the bank. Old McAndrews knows me well and can tell you my name."

"What is it?"

"People mostly call me November Joe."

She threw back her head—every attitude, every movement of hers was wonderful.

"Now, supposing that the money could be found, what would you do?" "I'd go to the bank and tell them I'd make shift to get every cent back safe for them if they'd agree not to prosecute anybody."

"So you are man enough not to wish to see me in trouble?"

November looked at her. "I was sure not thinking of you at all," he said simply. "But of bank Clerk Attorney, who's let the girl be robbed for and ruined himself for. I'd hate to see that chap disgraced with a dose of jail, too. But the bank people only want their money, and I guess if they get that they'll be apt to think the less about the robbery, the better. So if you take my advice—why, now's the time to see old McAndrews. You see, Miss Pointacre, I've got the check on you."

She stood still for awhile. "I'll see

SELECTING HER FASTER BONNET



old man McAndrews," she cried and then, "I'll lead it's near enough this way."

Joe turned after her, and I followed. Without missing McAndrews's complexion, Joe satisfied the girl as to his identity.

Before dark she met us again. "There," she said, thrusting a packet

into Joe's hand. "But look out for yourself!" Attorney had the only man who'd kept the law for love of me. Think of that at night in the lonely woods!"

I saw her sharp white teeth grin together as the words came from her throat.

"Mc," exclaimed November, looking after her retreating figure, "she's a bad woman, isn't she, McAndrews?"

We went back to my Quaker and Joe made over to the bank the whole of their loss, as soon as Mr. McAndrews, agreed rather against his will that no questions should be asked nor action taken.

The same evening I, not being under the same embargo regarding questions, hunted for Joe in his room in the world the fact Phedre's whereabouts. Thanks from the cause is where Attorney was lying.

"That was simple for an active girl. She walked before me the public, and after her return to the house threw water upon the matter made in the mud. Didn't you notice how faint it was?"

"But when she put on choice—how did she hide her trail then?"

"It's not a pure trick. She took a couple of short legs with her in the cage. First she'd put one down and step onto it, then she'd put the other one farther up, and step onto that. Next she'd lift the one behind, and so on. Why did she do that? Well, I reckon she thought the first road enough to blind Attorney. If he'd found a woman's tracks after being robbed he'd have suspected."

(To Be Continued)

AVE YOU A BANKING HOME?

If not, this bank, strong and accommodating cordially invites your account. The personal service extended, makes every depositor feel at home here, while SECURITY for deposits makes them feel safe. Start your account today.

The Bank of Bisbee

MINERS AND MERCHANTS BANK

TIMELY OPPORTUNITIES

are now afforded for the upbuilding of our foreign commerce. The Miners and Merchants Bank affords you every facility and every banking privilege consistent with safety. Bank with us.

4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Time Deposits

DEPOSITS OVER A MILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS

CASH PAID OUT IS OFTEN

hard to account for, while the same amount paid by Check accounts for itself, as the check is returned. Try depositing your Cash with this bank — pay bills with your check and enjoy the SAFETY and CONVENIENCE of this modern plan.

Citizens Bank and Trust Company

Main Street. Bisbee, Arizona.
Will E. McKee, President. C. A. McDonald, Cashier.
O. W. Wolf, Assistant Cashier.